

Heat in the Body.

An important source of heat in the body is due to the friction of the blood as it circulates in its vessels. All of this resistance, which is overcome by the heart, is transformed directly into heat. We may calculate the amount approximately. If we suppose that 180 ccs. of blood are expelled from the left ventricle at each stroke, under a pressure of one third of an atmosphere, this would correspond to .6192 kilogramme-metres at each stroke, and at 72 strokes a minute, this would give 44.3124 kilogramme-metres per minute. If we suppose that the right heart does one-quarter the work of the left, or about 10 kilogramme-metres per minute, we have for the total work per minute 54.312 kilogramme-metres, which corresponds to 128 calories per minute.

This is perhaps a rather high estimate for ordinary conditions, but where the heart is forced to pump a much larger quantity of blood in order to maintain the normal temperature, this estimate is probably much exceeded at times. Since this friction takes place largely in the most constricted portions of the circulation, it would be natural to expect that the blood which had been driven through the capillary system of a gland would issue much warmer than it entered, and such we find to be the case. Thus the blood of the hepatic vein has been observed to be 40.73, while that in the right heart was 37.7. In the muscles no contraction can take place without an increased flow of blood through them with a simultaneous constriction of the capillaries, which would naturally give rise to a considerable production of heat—a fact constantly observed.—Sanitarian.

The cold truth is that no amount of polish will make a man an agreeable conversationalist unless he sandwiches in some gossip.

A Virtue and a Vice.

Vanity and a proper regard for the feelings of others should both urge you to get rid of that disgusting skin disease. Whether it be a simple abrasion, a chaf or a burn, or whether it is a chronic case of Eczema, Tetter or Ringworm, Tetterine will positively, infallibly cure it. Cure it so it will stay cured. 50 cents a box at drug stores, or by mail for 50 cents in cash or stamps from J. T. Sulprine, Savannah, Ga.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for over 15 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all business transactions, and perfectly able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. Wagon & Transfer, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WALKER, KERRAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, relieving the blood, and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Watts Official Railroad Guide of the South for November 1898. It is valuable and correct Southern Railroad Guide—the only one covering the field. Issued monthly by J. R. Watts, No. 29 Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

His permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Dr. R. H. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 50c. trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Pills for Constipation, 204 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1904.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children cures, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

CATARRH

Better Health Since Taking Hood's Than Ever Before.

"I was afflicted with catarrh and was in such a condition that every little draught would cause me to take cold. After having taken a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I have been strengthened and I am in better health than I have ever been before." John Albert, 77 James St., New York, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills—the best family cathartic, easy to operate. 25 cents.

BUY YOUR RINGS OF THE MAKERS. This Gold Filled Baby Ring sent on receipt of 10c. Stamps taken from any issue of THE WATKINS & CO. PATENT. Catalogue Free. Mfg. Jewellers. Prop., R. I.

FITS A Great Remedy Discovered. Send for a FREE package & list of agents for yourself. FOSTER, DR. S. F. PERKINS, Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE, Baltimore, Md. Short-handling, Typing, Book-binding, etc. Graduation guaranteed.

PREPARED FOR ALL THE FALLS. Try it. You will find it. Use it. You will love it. THE WATKINS & CO. PATENT.

S. N. U.—No. 44—97.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

Who Resigned a University Presidency Rather than Hide His Views. Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, recently resigned the presidency of Brown University at Providence rather than surrender the liberty of expressing the opinions he entertains on a great public question. Dr. Andrews is one of the most ardent, able and conscientious advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and has promulgated his views whenever the occasion offered. The directors of the university



E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS.

were displeased with his conduct and virtually demanded silence or resignation. He chose the latter alternative. Dr. Andrews is 53 years of age and is the son of a Baptist clergyman, who lived at Montague, Mass., but preached in the town of North Sunderland. The father's salary was \$200 a year. The son aided in the support of the family by working Saturdays and holidays in a mill. He also bent his energies and his back to the care of a garden patch near the family residence. He had a great fondness for reading from his earliest youth. He was in school when the civil war broke out. He enlisted and served until 1864, when, after having been severely wounded at Petersburg, he returned to New England and finished his education at Brown University. Then he taught in various academies and earned money enough to further educate himself in Germany. He has been president of Brown eight years.

FRENCHMAN WHO FOUGHT.

Catulle Mendes One of the Foremost Literary Men of Paris. Catulle Mendes, the French poet, whose duel with Lugue Poe, the actor, was the talk of all Paris, is one of the foremost literary men of the French capital. Mendes was born fifty-four years ago in Bordeaux and went to Paris at 19 to make his fortune. He made it rapidly and surely. He started a paper, which he called La Revue Fantastique. In its first issue he published a drama in verse, "Le Roman d'Une Nuit," for which he was punished by two months' imprisonment and a fine of 200 francs. This was the short road to success. He became famous at once and was a prominent leader in the group of poets who called themselves the "Parnassians." In 1868 Mendes married Judith Gautier, the daughter of Theophile Gautier, but the marriage did not prove happy or permanent. His other ventures in matrimony were equally disappointing. Men-



CATULLE MENDES.

des has been a success in everything he has undertaken. He has written poems, romance and plays, and all of them have won favor with the public. He is a contributor to the press, a dramatic critic, and well known about town.

THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Bradstreet Says Wheat is Again Above a Dollar a Bushel.

Bradstreet's commercial review for the past week says: General trade remains most of the features of a week ago, with a continued check to the movement of staple merchandise. At larger Eastern and central Western cities, sales of seasonal goods have not equalled expectations and at none of those points has the volume of business increased. At Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, New York and Providence, there has been a decrease in the volume has been in some lines, due in part to the unseasonable weather and in instances to the continued quarantine of yellow fever districts. Some jobbers at cities which supply Southern merchants have delayed sending out travelers and in instances have called travelers home. Mercantile collections are slower, filling in orders are smaller and more infrequent, and business in staple for the latter half of October, aside from that in wool and metals has been somewhat disappointing.

The Northwest continues to make relatively more favorable reports as to trade, although at Milwaukee and Minneapolis, mild weather has checked distribution. Nearly all Southern cities except a few in Texas, Arkansas and Georgia, continue to feel the influence of the yellow fever quarantine, the extremely low price of cotton and delayed collections.

Consumption of iron and steel continues heavy, but mills refuse orders for 1897 delivery, in the belief that the cost of making iron and steel will be higher. Woolen goods continue firm and in fair demand, with an upward tendency, but cotton fabrics are weak and the market is heavily stocked.

Wheat is again above a dollar, on continued heavy exports. Our wheat export movement, aggregating more than 70,000,000 bushels within thirteen weeks, is unprecedented and points to a keener appreciation of the statistical strength of wheat by European importers than by many American traders. Exports of wheat (flour included) as wheat from both coasts of the United States and from Montreal this week, amount 5,911,391 bushels, against 5,522,000 bushels last week; 3,628,000 bushels in the last week of October, 1896; 2,743,000 bushels in 1895; 2,984,000 bushels in 1894, and as compared with 2,860,000 bushels in the like week of 1893. Reports of Indian corn amount to 1,589,193 bushels this week, compared with 1,177,000 bushels last week; 2,649,000 bushels in the corresponding week of 1896; 1,970,000 bushels in 1895; 146,000 bushels in 1894, and as contrasted with 846,000 bushels in 1893. The total number of business failures reported throughout the United States this week is 218, compared with 205 last week. There are 29 business failures reported from the Dominion of Canada this week, compared with 27 last week.

THE EXPOSITION CLOSED.

Fireworks, Sixteen Guns and a Love Feast Marked Its Last Hours.

October 30th, the last day and night of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, which opened its gates May 1st, was well attended, about 30,000 people, many of them visitors, being present. There were no special features during the day, but at night there was a magnificent display of fireworks and concert, there was held the closing meeting in the auditorium, which was packed, main floor and galleries. It was the love feast held in commemoration of the closing hours of the exposition, in which all the people of Tennessee evinced the greatest and most loyal pride. Numerous addresses were delivered, sixteen guns were fired, and then with the Doxology, in which the audience joined in singing, the exposition was declared closed.

COTTON MILL STRIKE.

It Will Affect 200,000 People and Will Almost Ruin the Industry.

The London, Eng., Pall Mall Gazette, commenting upon the threatened strike of cotton operatives throughout North England, says the lockout will effect two hundred thousand people, adding that the strike will probably last for months. It will entail a loss of seventy million pounds, and means the ruin of the cotton industry, that paper says.

A Work of Art.

An evidence of genuine enterprise and liberality is shown by the publishers of The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., in giving all new subscribers to their publication an art calendar for 1898—a gem of beautiful color-work far in advance of anything of the kind previously produced. Also a magnificent illustrated Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's double number of the magazine—each a prize—which will be preserved by thousands of art lovers. By sending a coupon cut from the advertising columns of the local paper of this week of last week, and following its instructions, these artistic and valuable productions can be secured.

Flowing Over Graves.

Land is evidently getting to be a scarce article around Pineville, N. C., says the Charlotte Observer. Mr. John A. Younts has plowed up a colored grave yard, and has grown a crop of cotton where the tombstones once stood. One tombstone is now standing in the field. He has plowed all around it. Other tombstones are lying about in the field. The cotton field was used as the burying ground of the old colored slaves during revolutionary times.

Acquitted of Murder.

In the circuit court the jury, at Asheville, N. C., in the case of George Hall and Abe Davidson, two negroes, charged with the murder of Harry Slagle, returned a verdict of acquittal, after being out eight minutes. Slagle was found dead beside the railroad track near Swannanoa Station July last, and the State's theory was that Hall and Davidson murdered and robbed him and placed the body on the track to divert suspicion.

ONLY ONE SALARY.

Mr. Norton Says He Will Not Draw Two.

Comptroller-General Norton has returned to Columbia, so says the Register, from a tour of settlement, with the treasurers and auditors in the counties of Abbeville, Anderson Oconee, Greenville, where he found everything all right. The only counties in the State with which settlements have not been made are Charleston, Colleton, Berkeley and Orangeburg, and Mr. Norton will go down in a few days for that purpose.

Being asked about his resignation he said that as soon as he received his certificate of election he would draw no more salary from the State as comptroller general, but that he had some details of his office he wished to finish up before tendering his resignation. This is highly patriotic in Mr. Norton, but the "boys" who are hungering and thirsting for his job are not very enthusiastic over it.

He will not resign until Congress meets and cites as a precedent the late Senator Earle, who continued to be judge up to his election by the legislature.

During his trip Mr. Norton visited Oconee and was greatly pleased with what he saw and was delighted with President Hartzog.

Mr. Norton is making his last trip among county officials and he expresses deep regret that such pleasant relations must be severed.

PALMISTO PICKUPS.

Rev. Sam P. Jones lectures in Marion on the 20th.

At the recent term of the court for Marion county there were eight murder cases, an almost unprecedented number.

Sumter's city council has decided to increase the pay of the police force \$5 per month to each member during the time from November 1 to April 1.

At Manning Charles Harper was sentenced to the penitentiary for six years at hard labor for an attempt to ravish Mrs. Ellen Richbourg, of the Foreston vicinity, last August.

At Barnwell Mr. Sanders found a rather rare Spanish silver coin a few days ago, a 2-real piece, dated 1772, with the face and bust of Charles III, at that time King of Spain and the Indies, with the inscription "Carolus III, Dei gratia Hispan et Ind, Rev, 2 R. F. M." and the royal arms of Spain.

In York county a primary election to nominate a successor to Mr. L. K. Armstrong, deceased, in the Legislative Democratic executive committee to be held on November 12, between the hours of 12 m. and 5 p. m. Three candidates have been announced so far: W. J. Cherry, of Rock Hill, H. E. Johnson, of Bethel township, and Representative R. M. Carroll, of Bullock's Creek township.

A PROSPEROUS FARMER.

He Raises Practically Everything He Needs Himself at Home.

The Greenville News says there is one farmer in Greenville County (and doubtless many more) who has never bought Western meat and Western flour. There is little that this farmer and his family consume that is not raised at home. Not even does his table rice come from Georgetown or Beaufort. It is a Greenville county product, and it is said that the low-country rice is not superior to it. This gentleman makes his own syrup. He makes his own oats and barley, and he produces a large number of bales of cotton. The horses and mules that he works are natives to his farm. He has been known to saw timber from his own forest and send it to a factory, getting a part of it back in the form of furniture. This farmer is not a great politician. He is not even a free silver man. He reads the newspapers carefully. He is not dependent, but he is a very busy man. He is so poor that he rarely has a day to spend away from his own large plantation of plantations. He is on his farm with the regularity that a cashier is at his desk in a bank and as many days in the year and as many hours in the day. There are farmers who are able to indulge in more leisure than is this Greenville farmer, but in other respects they are poorer than he is.

WANT PROHIBITION.

Governor Ellerbe's Ballot of the Ministers.

Since Governor Ellerbe issued his circular to the preachers, asking their views as to what was best to be done with the liquor problem, his mail has been quite heavy with replies. Up to date he has gotten something over 600.

From a cursory examination of one hundred replies a majority favor prohibition, while the rest think the dispensary the best solution.

Rev. James Heatherly, of Greenville, writes that in that county it is hard to hold church meetings on account of the number of stills, and closes by emphatically saying "I say prohibition." He estimates the increase in drunkenness, since the beginning of the dispensary, at 100 per cent.

Another one writes: "For the Lord's sake, Governor, don't give us no license nor dispensary; give us prohibition."

It was a foregone conclusion when the circulars were issued that prohibition would receive the majority, but no doubt the Governor got some valuable ideas from the views of the ministers.

D. A. R. Convention.

The State regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Bacon, of Edgefield, has called a State convention of the order to meet in Columbia on Wednesday, November 10, Fair Week. Among the many important matters to be discussed at the State convention will be the erection of a monument to Generals Marion, Sumter and Pickens. This matter has been under consideration for some time, but is now taking definite shape. It is probable that plans will be formulated at the State convention for the consummation of the idea.

REV. TRIMBLE'S SERMON.

DAUGHTERS OF THE PRESENT GENERATION—CLOTHING OF THE SOUL SHOULD KEEP PACE WITH THAT OF THE PHYSICAL WANTS OF MAN.

Text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." Acts xiii., 26.

"That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born, as well as a time to die; a cradle as well as a grave. David, poet and stone-slinger, and fighter and ear, and dramatist and blank verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and lay down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. There are about four generations to a century, now; but in olden time life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least 180 generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds.

"I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who, in her little evening prayer, wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven, and all the weariness out of her prayer, and looking up into her mother's face, said: 'Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers.' But the 180 generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased; we shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation; the people now living, whose wrongs we breathe and whose hearts we beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a 'for'el march,' at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part or no service at all.

"Well, now let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common-sense way, and what we can do for our generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day a body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards and orange groves, wheat fields and oat fields of fish and fowls full of catfish, and notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest of the world have been built on the blood and bones of unrequited toil.

"Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of these five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking and eating what the rum-sellers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobaccoist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum-sellers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobaccoist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum-sellers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobaccoist calls tobacco, or go into the 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